

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

The Log Cabin.

By R. R. BAKER.

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A CHUBBY little fist went up and opened and a hand waved frantically while a shrill voice called: "Teacher, teacher."

Della Angell paused in perusal of the life of a famous American statesman which she was reading aloud for the instruction of her pupils, who would have a holiday on the morrow in celebration of the statesman's birth anniversary.

She looked up from the book and the owner of the waving hand, a tow-headed, diminutive lad, with wide, staring blue eyes, asked:

"Teacher, did the book say Mr. Lincoln was born in a log cabin?"

The teacher nodded her head, and, with a smile, replied:

"Yes, Roger, he was, and when I read further you will learn that he lived for a long time in that cabin, and that he had an old shovel for a state on which to do his sums."

The tow-headed youngster's face beamed exceeding interest in the subject.

"If that's so, teacher, then Uncle Frank can be president some day, can't he? He lives in a log cabin right down at the other end of Cedar Gulch, and he studies a lot though I guess he hasn't any shovel to do his sums on."

Della's smile became brighter, and she responded:

"He certainly has a chance to be president, Roger. So have you and every other boy born in the United States—that is, if you study faithfully and work as hard as Abraham Lincoln."

She resumed reading from the book, but her thoughts were not on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Her mind was dwelling on that cabin at the end of Cedar Gulch, where "Uncle Frank" lived. She knew this Uncle Frank very well, indeed.

Frank Richards was not an old, be-whiskered resident. On the contrary, he was a young man of twenty-eight—a rather attractive young man, Della thought. He was a prospector, who spent weeks at a time in the mountains surrounding the gulch, but who never had found any pay dirt that was worth while.

The first time Della ever set eyes on Frank was a year ago, shortly after her advent to Cedar Gulch as an instructor of the youthful inhabitants. She was having trouble with a burly worker from the Eureka Gold Stamp company's plant, the only industry of which Cedar Gulch could boast. The trouble was over the punishment meted out to the laborer's thirteen-year-old son, who had persisted in standing on his head in a corner of the school room, and who was taken unawares by Della while in that upside-down attitude and rapped severely with a ruler.

The lad had rushed home, tears streaming down his face, and evidently had used his imagination in relating his treatment at the hands of the new teacher, for the father appeared the next noon and made sundry threats against Della.

"I'd advise you to go back to work and think it over," Della rejoined and turned to go into the school building, where the pupils were assembled for afternoon classes.

This reply infuriated the laborer, who advanced toward her, swinging his arms and shouting:

"I'll teach you to rattle a son of mine!"

He caught Della with one hand and raised the other as if to strike her. Della, terrified, struggled frantically to get away.

"Better go slow there, Ben Brooks," drawled a quiet voice, and an angular arm reached out and a muscular hand seized the laborer by the shoulder.

Without apparent effort that arm drew the man backward, and he found himself sprawling on the ground, looking up, dazed, at a young man who was bowing coolly toward the teacher, a wide-brimmed hat sweeping the ground.

Then and there Frank Richards started "a-wooing." He took the new teacher for horseback rides on the slopes of the Cedar Hills, and he was her escort at church socials, where prospectors with cowhide boots and cowboys in picturesque attire mingled with the "women folks" who lived in Cedar Gulch.

It was all very interesting, from the standpoint of the picturesque, if nothing more, to Della Angell, and she enjoyed herself immensely. She felt she would have continued to enjoy it had not Frank displayed serious intentions, which reached a climax one day while they were on one of their rides he bluntly proposed to her. Naturally, she refused; for what business had she marrying this uncouth prospector?

But was he uncouth? Certainly his clothes were coarse; but who was there in Cedar Gulch that pretended to follow the dictates of style? Even she temporarily discarded her best attire after she had been there less than a month.

His manner was as courteous as could be expected from any man in the proper East from which she had come, and no one could have been more polite in his treatment of her, occasionally an "ain't" crept into his conversation, but that was not an unpardonable sin.

She had heard it before she came West. Frank Richards was a little rough in his way, but he was not uncouth, she finally decided. He was a cavalier of the mountains, and his heart was pure gold, even though his pick and shovel failed to unearth the precious metal. Still he was just a prospector.

All this passed through Della's mind while she was reading the biography of Abraham Lincoln to her pupils. She heard one class after she had read as far as time permitted, and the children were dismissed to lay plans for spending the holiday.

But Della's work was not through.

FOULARD FOR
FORMALITY

BY BETTY BROWN.

An afternoon gown that shall be "all things to all women"—that is a gown of combined foulard silk and satin. The model sketched is in the smart masquerade effect of black and white. Black satin forms the bodice with a bit and up-fluting cuffs of the foulard. Black picoté grosgrain ribbon and a handsome lace collar completes the chic simplicity of the costume. Designed for Palm Beach wear it indicates the trend of spring fashions.

Written tests had been held the previous day and she had to stay until a late hour at night correcting the papers. Finally the last of these was examined and the percentage of errors marked in a corner of the first page. Then Della leaned back in her chair and realized that darkness was descending over Cedar Gulch. Through the window she could see an occasional light flicker into the gloom and cast reflection after reflection on the snow-paved streets of the settlement.

From a drawer of her desk the teacher took a letter. The size of the envelope and the style of penmanship in the address made it appear that the author was a woman. A faint odor of roses lingering about the letter was another indication that a feminine hand had penned the missive.

But appearances counted for naught in this instance. Opening the letter, Della read it for the fourth time since her receipt of it at the general store and postoffice that morning. One passage from it was:

"And so, Della, I am again asking you to give up that life in the wilds and come back to the civilized East and settle down with me in the old family mansion. It is true, as you have said, that I have no worthwhile occupation, but the interest on the estate left by my father will suffice to satisfy your slightest wish. I shall expect an answer soon—one such as I deserve after such a long and faithful courtship as mine has been." The letter was signed "Reginald Poorvort."

Della sniffed at the scented envelope. "Reggy is a good sort of chap," she soliloquized, "and he could give me everything I desired—that is, everything of a material nature. Only he does persist in this abominable perfume—and he smokes those horrid

Nobody likes
corn flakes
better than
me—says Bobby
and I have
the best—

POST
TOASTIES



Confessions of a Bride

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CHAPTER 153.

My Plan Moves Smoothly, But I Watch a Drama of Broken Hearts.

Chester usually sat at his wheel with eyes front while a house servant put the Lorimer women into the motor, but I think some mysterious emotional current must have jarred him out of his accustomed routine as Eloise and I stepped into his car. He came around to see that an extra robe was nicely adjusted about us.

And I said to myself:

"Jane Lorimer, you may think you're awfully smart, but here's a man you can't deceive!"

Eloise must have had the same feeling—she shook her head dubiously as we whirled through the great gates of the park.

"He loves a nice girl in a truly fine way," I thought. "And true love has its rights." "If there's anyone who ought to know about Eloise's plans, it's Chester."

I meditated, and after a time, arrived at this: Chester would want the best in the world for his beloved—he would sacrifice himself for her. He would undoubtedly further any scheme to save her from the asylum. I leaned over to Eloise and whispered to her:

"Be human. Tell him—tell him you're going home!"

"And what about you?"

"Never mind me—I'll manage my part."

So Eloise picked up the phone to the chauffeur's seat and began:

"Monsieur!" She always dropped into French when excited. The car almost skidded as Chester's head bent to the telephone box at his ear. "Chester! I'm going to New York—then home to Europe," she said. "Please take me directly to the station!" She spoke simply, but I felt that the supreme tragedy of a man's life hung on her words. Of course I could not hear his reply but I noticed that the occupants of several small cars were

cigarettes. I don't mind a cigarette smoker, but when a man fairly lives on them, and when they are perfumery.

She did not finish the sentence. Instead, she put on her jacket and hat, placed the perfumed letter in a pocket, straightened up her desk, locked the school—for she was the only teacher—and wended her way toward the other end of the gulch, where stood the boarding and rooming house of Mrs. Patrick Maloney which Della called home.

Her route led past "Uncle Frank's" log cabin, situated close to the road near a clump of trees. As she was about to pass, a gleam of yellow light shot from the window. She paused and could not refrain from looking into the cabin.

She saw the prospector bending over a crude table, reading by the light of a candle which evidently had just lighted, for the tiny blaze was unsteady. Before him was a ponderous book, the identity of which she could not determine; but it looked suspiciously like the one that helped to make one Webster famous.

Della watched him turn page after page.

"Must be reading the dictionary through," she decided, and then watched while he left the table. He returned in a moment and resumed his perusal of the volume, puffing dense clouds of smoke from a corn-cob pipe which now extended from between his lips.

Della took the perfumed letter from her pocket and tore it into minute

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Do not trust rub it away. For you will never succeed. The only way to cure it is to get it out of the blood. And this is what Dr. King's New Life Pills do. They cleanse the blood, and remove all trace of Rheumatism from the system.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. at your drug store and get on the right track to-day. If you want scientific medical advice, you can obtain it from the S. S. S. Medical Director, Dr. J. C. Swift, Atlanta, Ga.

passed in the next block came near to taking a trip much longer than the one across the sea.

When he had slowed down a bit, I helped Eloise out of her nurse's garments and tossed them from the window. I still had a hope that Chester did not recognize me.

At the station, our bags were mixed—I had to take care that Eloise should carry away my dressing case with the showy fittings—I certainly didn't want to take it to the hospital—but I felt sorry for Eloise who had to carry it—for it was not suitable for traveling, although it was Daddy's idea of a nice gift to me.

When I was sure that I possessed Eloise's brand new unmarked kit, I leaned toward her and whispered:

"Can't talk, Eloise! But you understand, dear! I can't say 'goodbye.'"

Then we kissed, and never in my life will I forget the grief I felt at parting with her. I wanted to make the whole world over again—"Remold it nearer to the heart's desire." But the nearest I could come to it was to whisper again, "Be human!"—with a glance at Chester.

With that, she took his arm, like the angel she has always proved herself under trial—and they moved away in the crowd and as they went I heard her say, "Monsieur!" And I saw Chester bend down his devoted head to listen. Something hurt my heart terribly. "Something" was primitive love, the clean strong elemental love of a splendid man for a fine woman—all warped and twisted by "class."

And because I was wanting to be loved myself, even as Chester loved Eloise, I shrank back under the robes as he returned to the car, and hoped that Chester, if he skidded anywhere, would hit something hard, preferably a telephone pole, on the icy road before us.

pieces, which the night wind proceeded to scatter promiscuously over snow-clad Cedar Gulch.

CHILD BURIED YESTERDAY.

The funeral of Zoltan Kotles, infant son of Louis Kotles, of Grant Town, was held yesterday afternoon and burial took place in Woodlawn cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. G. Stotter, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The child died on Sunday of pneumonia.

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St. Valentine's Day

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NOTICE

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM APPEARS IN THE HEIGHT OF MASQUERADE)—BY ALLMAN.

